



"Beyond the
East Gates of
Eden"

Emil

"Beyond the East Gates of Eden"



"Beyond the East Gates of Eden"



Emil is in Penang. Dateline: 01.25.2021

**"CHANGES ARE JINGLING ABOUT LIKE THE LOOSE
CHANGE IN MY POCKET..."**

Brother Bowie once told us "Changes...they do come!"

In this case of the new project...it morphed and then
changed course several times just this AM...

But, it is coming together in a plan that even
Colonel Smith would love...

YA THINK???

Otherwise pity this poor fool on a "fool's errand."

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**"CHANGES ARE JINGLING ABOUT LIKE THE LOOSE
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@ 2:13 AM Everything changed including a new title...WWWG complained that the others were too long! As always...I am...as the poor sharecropper...forced to take the knee and give the road to some corporate marketing team just out of the Technical College (WWWG is cheap in recruiting too)...

OH Well...the joke (I guess) is on them as they are forced to work on my projects and with me - who lacks any if NOT all of their vast Tech School Education in Mass Marketing...Old School here!

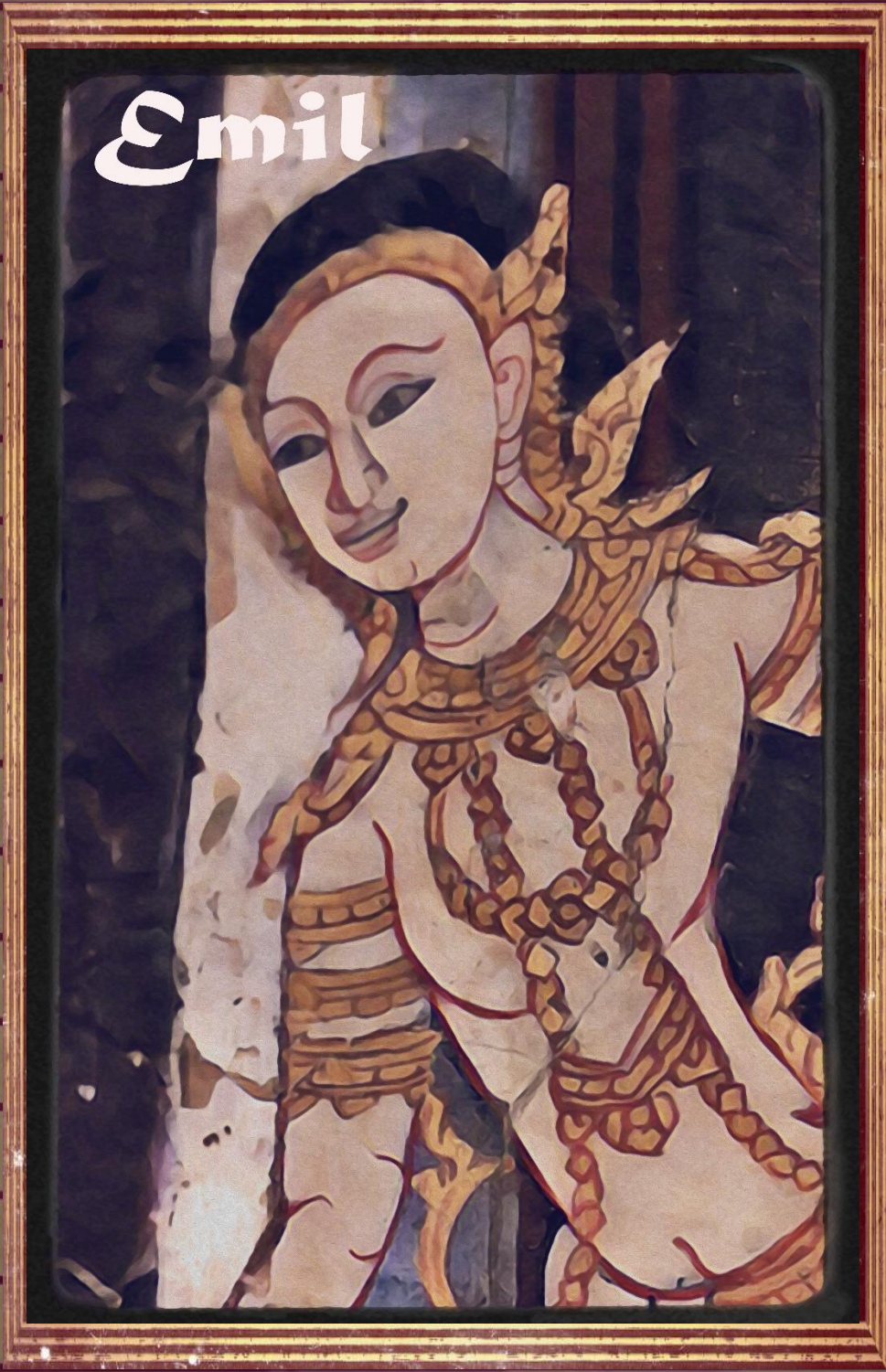
To keep them hopping, here is a love offering and if they approve...

I will throw in a set of those fake steel, steak knives that Seine was peddling last month...he sent me a box of them...

This all got me in real trouble with the local PO as my name is already on every watch list and then, I get a box load of Chinese-made knives from Singapore...

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Final couple of additions...

**Going to turn in and try to get back to where I can
dream without waking in the mid-of-the-night in cold
sweats and mumbling to long death relative –
who to be truthful, I never really cared much for anyway
when they were alive...**

**Seems like they always want something...
Or are reminding me that I still owe them money...never
once do they have cheerful news or a winning lotto
number for me...**

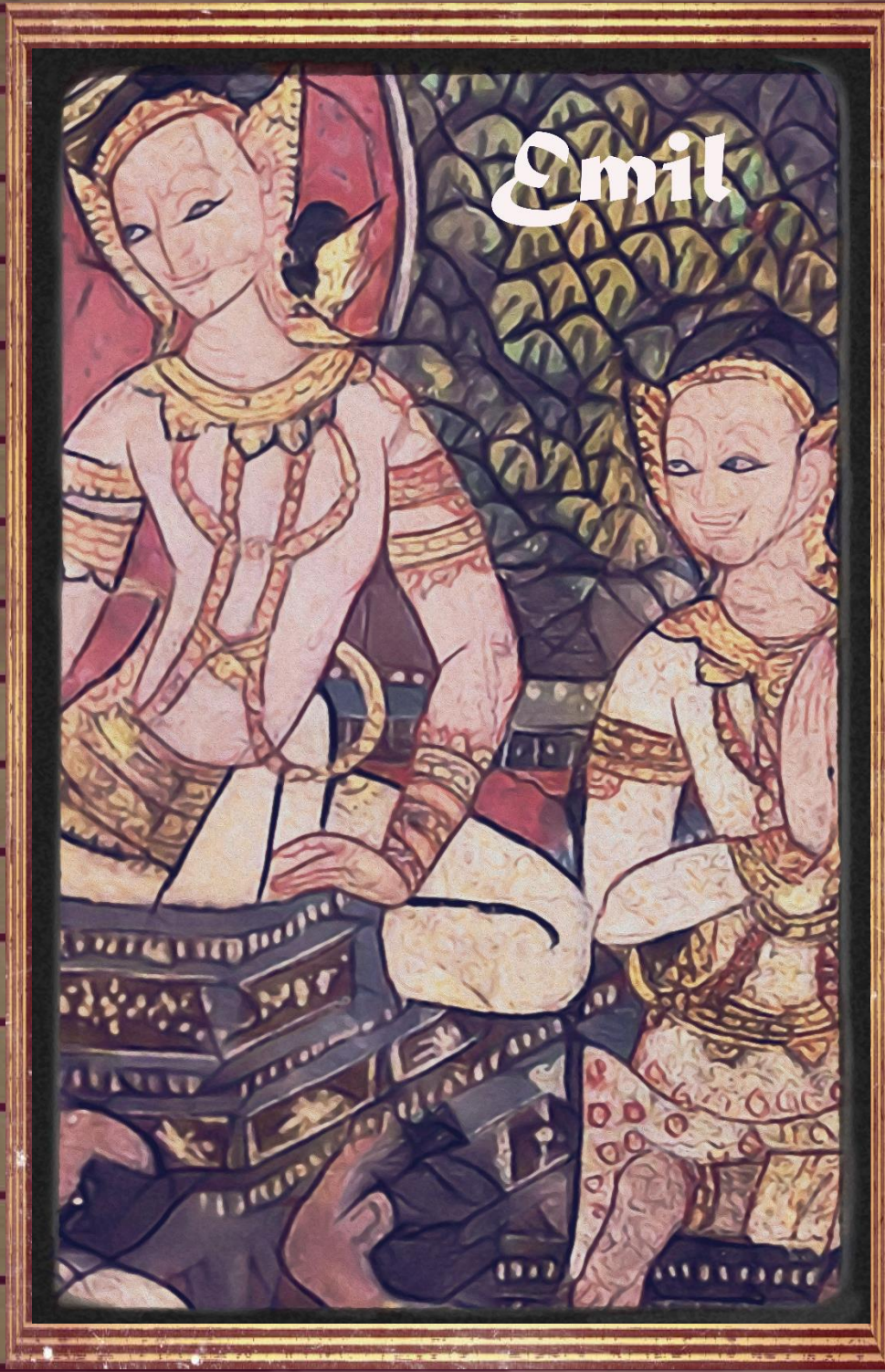
**Juz maybe, by getting to bed early...
I will miss their passing bus and be free to sleep
the whole night through.**

**I don't know if this is true as you know I read it on the
Internet!**

**I have always put my faith in the immortal thoughts of
our Patron Saint's Garfield (not President Garfield mind
ya but, Garfield the Cat) "If it is on TV...it must be TRUE!"**

This was before they had the Internet ...

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**"Wishing a special prayer for each of you for the
upcoming year of 2021..."**

THE YEAR OF SALVATION

**(As many are whispering that it shall be –
if you elect to believe in any of this nonsense?).**

So I have lit a candle, I have said a pray and still...

***"I have yet to hear back from the
Penang Lottery Commission as to
my actual winnings."***

**Hopefully, they will call sometime next week and they
will NOT force me go down there like they did last
time...with all their nonsense about having to actually
have bought a ticket...to win!!!**

RUDE PEOPLE THEY ARE!

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I have been schooled in the belief that "life is short" and
with that comes the rational fear of the ticking of the
clock...you know!

We are talking about the passage of time.
What I have discovered though is that this concept of
the "passage of time" is fraught with inconsistencies
from the mere fact that we are far from understanding
the relativity of time, regardless of what Einstein taught.
Time and its passage is truly selective based upon the
event that we are involved with rather than a ridged
standard that the well-known Tech Priests of Science
would have us believe.

Your grandma got it right when she use to say "some
people can live more in a few hours than the most of us
do in an entire lifetime!"

OH! Your grandma never said that?
Sorry...I thought all grandmothers had the same script?

My Bad!

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Still, I sit here a product of what Science has made of me and I am deeply fearful with the whole notion of the passage of time and my mistrust grows daily towards those who might try to regulate it - as I am starting to believe that they not necessarily working as my agent in the process. This is more so true as I progress further into this swamp called time.

On the other side of my conspiracy theory, there are those mainstream spokesmodels who openingly proclaim that age may have its advantages or so many of my Chinese Friends believe this to be true and it seems that this may explain their ability to shrug off the bitter rule by those CCP Gangsters...at least in my theory.

Sorry, Seine!

Where did that come from?

I know I promised to stop all this politics stuff with the Dawn of the New Great Social Reset taking control of the world...

Yes! I understand Seine!

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Yes! I get it that these gangster now have real power to
"CANCEL" us like forever!

OPPS! did I do it again??? Sorry Seine!

While they are nice people (minus the gangsters) who
truly believe that the passage of time gives them or
should give them stability and equilibrium to the mind
which would be like "Peace and Harmony" is to us; I do
disagree whole-heartily because (from my personal
experience) age is like a rather stiff, stuffy and crabby old
Aunt who lacks the unimpressonable ability to react
other than slowly to any outside stimuli like our own
personal requests to modify time's artificial
countdown to the end.

See...I agree with the concept that the passage of time is
like my granny spoke of as being subjective and riddled
with exclusions/exceptions to it's normal rules and
regulations - just ask the people on the Titanic...they
might readily agree with her that they lived more in a
few hours on a cold April Morning in 1912 than the vast

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majority of us will after many passing decades.
While my Chinese Friends believe in the slow moving
"River of Time" which cannot be molded easily; that its
emotional reactions are limited to the collective well-
being instead of the needs of the individual - not
without the great power of the collective will of a nation
to even attempt to harvest it or harness it towards
the national good.

They look upon this inability to control time with a
proper sense of comfort and security more they have,
say, a fine frenzy of enthusiasm for the individual
damage(s) that it might inflict upon the needs/desires of
the individual. To them it is what gives them a sober,
reasoned appreciation for the beauty of nature and art,
while I argue that it does not mirror this beauty in its
own (Time) eyes or can it feel it as time has no heart...it
is a process that I submit was entirely created by man
and it is a joke that Scientist's tell us with a straight face

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that time is a product of the natural world.

Campers! It is not!

Can't you see that time and the measurement of its passage is flawed, a tool designed by our early overlords to control us and use it to establish/force their own will power over us by establishing restrictive timelines of their own sense of urgency over ours.

Did you realize that time on Mars or Mercury are measured differently than here on earth as the basic measurement(s) are vastly different in the passage of the planet one-time around our collective sun.

So in a way, the planets can be said to represent the individual while the sun is the collective and the actual passage of time is (in fact) controlled by the individual (the planets) as the sun (the collective) is stationary...

See it???

Well...most of the egg-heads with advanced degrees all lined up on their office wall don't. In fact, they think that my thoughts are dangerous and that by encouraging

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people to accept the power of the individual over the collective (the state) is dangerous, anti-social and I have been regularly banned from social media because of their unreasonable fears that "that revolution starts with just one person standing up and saying WHATZ?"

IN THIS MANNER...

Yes! I am Lazarus crying out from the wilderness but, strangely, it seems that my message on the enflitment of time's passage on mankind is carried up on the winds...from my lips to your ears...you are reading it now with a filter or social media disclaimers...right? For what is worth...what is true in this new age where the lie is declared to be true by our new Tech god Overlords (self-proclaimed owners of our internet) and I am dragged behind the equivalent of social media's 1956 pickup truck...???

"Just take the "Blue" pill, go to sleep and be done with all of this evil, time truthfulness!"

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THE BADLANDS OF LUCIFER

"To be cast out through the Great Eastern Gates of Eden" was a long-held threat...a not so good natured curse to get young children to go to sleep or to keep social malcontents at bay and on their best behavior.

Most if not all of us really don't know what lays outside these massive Eastern Gates as none but the worse of society's rejects or the most foolhardy have had cause to visit these lands and I for one have never sought any excuse to go find out.

Still, I have been out-n-about enough to understand that "Out of the darkness" one does most certainty comes into the light, and there, far beyond these gates lies the hidden valleys that are rumoured to populate these otherwise, long forbidden lands - which could, if the real truth be known, out there may lay a wonderland of dreams that the we will never know because of the encircling high Walls of Eden that guard the secrets of the Lucifer's Badlands jealously from our touristy intrusion or so the Eden Adventures Society has always

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ventured an opinion on or have openingly claimed at recent meetings in their campus headquarters.

Is it a wasteland of bedtime nightmares or a place of a hidden paradise? The truth always awaits the bold, the fearless in us but, it does most certainly comes with a heavy price...once you depart from our Eastern Gates there is no return to Eden allowed. It was a one-way trip that most of Eden's denizens elected to not make this deal with Old Lady Luck.

The Land East of Eden were claimed by priest and sinner alike to be the sole domain of the fallen, they were the home to the world's most famous Former Archangel, God's most trusted, and God's very own, like his right-hand man or as we whisper these days...the angel formerly known as Lord Lucifer.

Lucifer - the notorious bad boy angel, always portrayed by our priests to have been a most misguided, a true poster child of a fallen angel who had dared to question God and as the story goes; was so jealous of God's love

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of his creation (mankind) that he shook heaven to its very roots with rebellion.

The massive civil war that broke out turned brother-angel against brother-angel and the rally call was "You are either with us or you are against us...!" There was no middle ground, no uninterested bystander or broker to offer compromise or seek pardon.

We are taught that we are in the image of our maker then, it only stands to reason that we must share many of the same attitudes and personality traits and it is well-known that in humankind, the victor writes the history of the war – why might this not be true with our creator, too?

So, was there any doubt in your mind that Lucifer (after being routed on the battlefield and the betrayal by his brother, Michael) would get the short end of history's evaluation of the Great War? Is there any doubt that he would take the fall for everything that went down and that modern children are still taught that he is the pure

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evil of the angry "dragon demon?"

Which brings us back to the badlands off to the east of Eden and as to why as a good, penetrative denizen of Eden, most of us would rather not have any part of this discussion, thank you!

Even after a million or more years, this is still a very raw nerve in the hearts of the victors and the powers-to-be as none of them are not yet able to just let it go and because of this along with any of the numerous other rationalities/justifications; this still remains a rather self-imposed, forbidden subject for most of us to bypass.

Eden is a nice place where if you play by all of the establishment's rules, you can do well and have a rather pleasant life...you truly can! The trick of a good life here is to understand the basic community rules and to NEVER go beyond them even in error or face total ruination, "cancel" or even the most extreme – the total banishment off into the Badlands of Lucifer.

Several years ago, there was a new Woke-like spirit that

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seemed to overtake common sense of what we just talked about as it spread throughout the underbelly of Eden's lower caste of lessor believers with a high-profile focus on the "Rehabilitation" of Lucifer and the other fallen angels.

The whole movement is well-remembered for it did not go well for those took up this new Woke Cross and it now serves as a valuable lesson as to why we shouldn't be having this conversation (right NOW) with you! Considering the brief life of this movement, I was surprised to find how vital and widespread it was amongst the poorer and younger denizens, although I saw it during a period of its final upheaval that even at that late date was poised to seemingly change the very face of Eden if only it had been properly led and controlled like in the olden days of Lucifer and the Fallen. It did seem, at one point, to hold a great promise for the greater good for Eden (technically, I didn't just say that) up until the very day of its defeat and the

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banishment of many of its youngest followers.

Needless to say, WOKE dies the lingering death of lifetime banishment and to this day, those who were banished maintain a small shanty town right outside the Eastern Gates and they are said to come (daily) up to the great walls openingly pleading for society's forgiveness and for a restoration of their social credit scores.

Their argument simply is that "forgiveness is divine" and for a generation now; their pleas have completely fallen on the seemingly deaf ears of the Senior Eden Management of which Archangel Michael's still controlling political faction here in Eden.

I'm so sorry but...my bus is coming and I have to go...

OH! I work in the Eden Social Services Office downtown...

Nice talk...what was your name again?

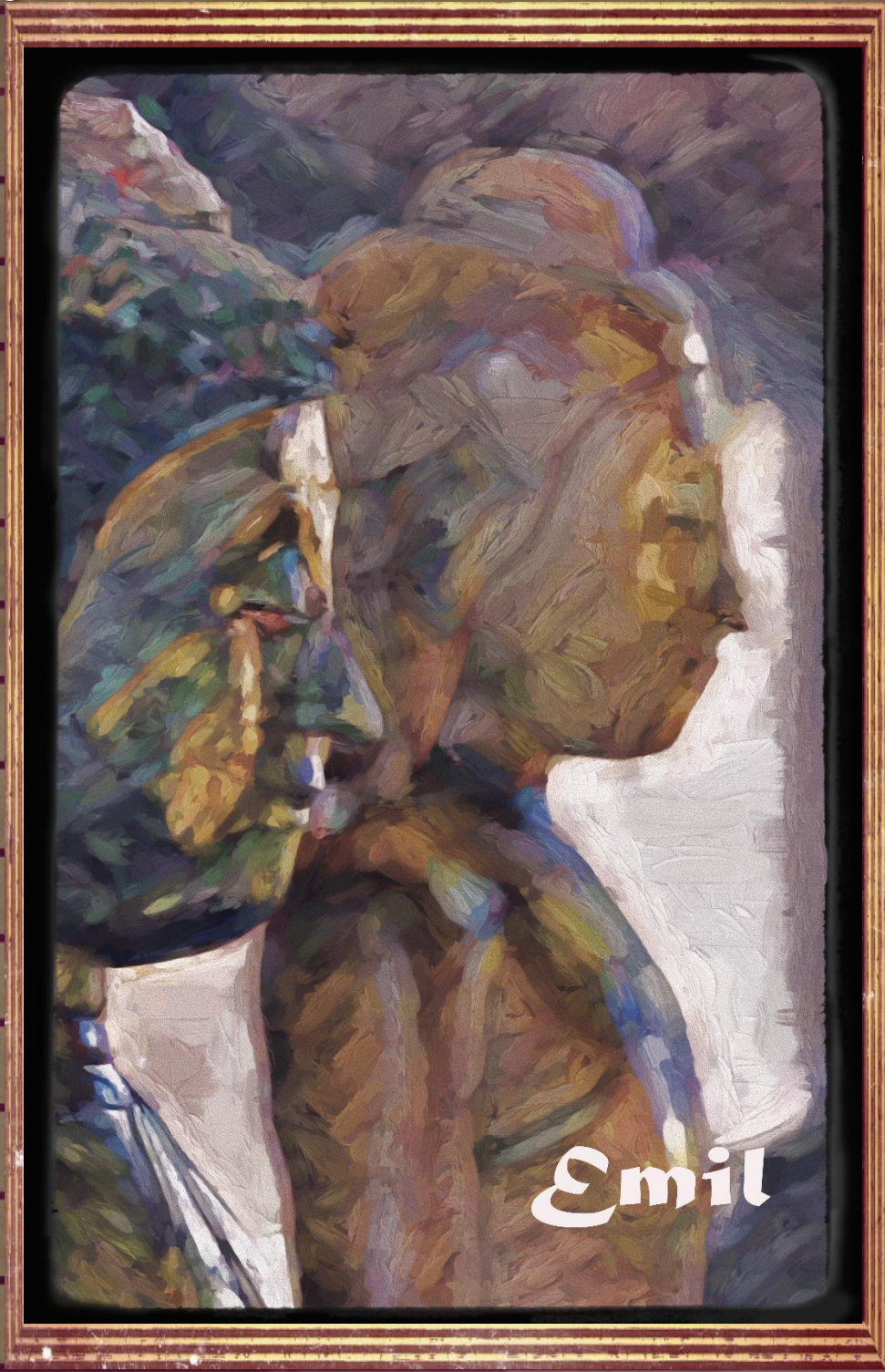
Was it Emil???

I need to remember that!

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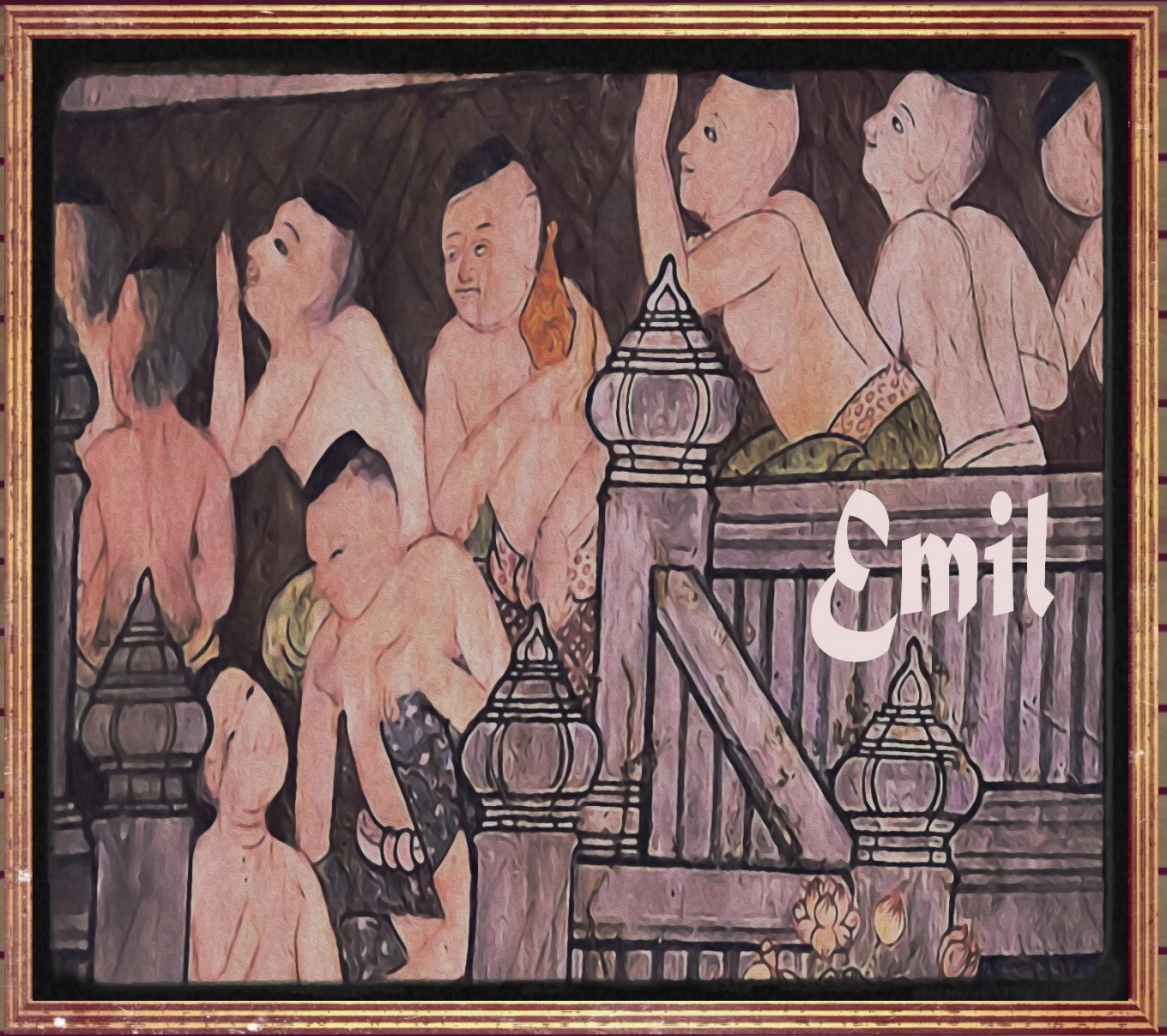


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DINNER WITH PROFESSOR KHAN

He was a rather mousey type of person who had an air of a Semi-Mad Professor with his hair standing all on end as if he had just stuck his wet finger in the light socket but, his appearance is never mind to our reason(s) for being here at the Eden Community Dinner to meet with him on the pretense of having a dinner meal.

Professor Khan was a well-known man of letters at the Eden Higher Center for Technology and a very well-respected explorer/adventurer with a rather extensive travel history in the lands outside of Eden and more to the point of our conversation was his travels throughout the Lucifer Badlands (the land that lay east of the great gates).

Professor Khan had unofficially agreed to meet us here and answer some of our many questions as to what we could aspect out there in the badlands. We also, were seeking a copy of the map that it was rumoured that he still had in his achieves.

We had come across the professor by mere chance

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mention of his name from a person we had met at the bus stop right down from the community housing center where we were staying while the Eden Officials reviewed our request for political asylum from the “Mad Max” world of the TWIT – where we were being hounded and chased by roaming packs of Social TWIT Warriors and their trusty hordes of the skinny white Children of the lost Woke in their color coordinated black hoodies. We never expected to be approved as too much of Eden’s strict social code and laws too well mirror the many social values equally held by the cadre of TWIT’s Social Warrior Class but, had used the rouge to gain temporary entrance and utilize its resources to stage an expedition out into the very heart of the Lucifer Badlands.

The badlands have long been of interest due mostly to the fact that it was one of greatest remaining mysterious and least known of the world’s many regions.

As most of Eden’s vast population are employed in some

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form of clerical or accounting posts within the official Eden City Administration or are some kind of junior level clerks in the adjoining Administrative Call Center for the "Dial-A-Prayer" Program run by Heaven Inc. and which is still controlled by several union factions most loyal to Archangel Michael and to his warrior, angel para-military militias; most people just walked away from our efforts to strike up any type of conversation about the true nature of life in Eden.

The professor was difference due mostly to his celebrity status as an educated "Traveling Man" who (we assumed) seemed more free to talk without fear of sanctions or cancel or (as we discussed earlier) it might be that he was a plant for Eden's much feared thought police and this whole meeting was like a total setup.

Guess...only time will tell.

The conversation was awkward at the start as the noisy waiter kept interrupting with some rather questionable suggestions from today's menu – which raised the red

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flag that at least he was some type of Eden Thought Police Agent or Informant.

We explained in truth to the profession the true reason(s) for our invitation to dinner which he took with a puzzled look and then; there was a smile and we spent most of dinner letting him relive many of his grandest adventures while skirting on even more than just a passing reference to the Lucifer's Badlands.

It was clear that there was much that even he was not free to talk about and with Eden's system of social media control; it must almost impossible to speak unrecorded or documented by local neighborhood Spidermen out to gain fame and/or to advance their social credit scores by ratting out their closest friends/neighbors or mostly willing, all of us shady, Foreign Devils.

Then...we got it!

There was a double-speak code within the conversation that did speak truth but hid it very well in a manner that was hard to decipher or break without an effort to all of

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us Non-Eden, "Foreign Devil" types.

The message was a warning and plea as to not involve him in any of our unlawful schemes or ventures but, within even that was a more deeply buried tale of Lucifer's Badlands and as to why we should abandon our fool's errand before it was too late.

The badlands had (a million or so years ago...time is recorder differently herein Eden) been a lush garden that supplied the first of God's creations with everything that they needed to live a healthy, veggie lifestyle and had remained that way until the Angel Wars (YES! Multiples) where Michael and his Warrior Class conscripted humankind to serve as the foot soldiers of his Holy Army as he marched upon the stronghold(s) of Lucifer and his band of rebels down in the valleys that laid in the foothills of the great frosty mountains that lined the southern portions of the extended lands of Eden.

It was during this very campaign that the majority of the

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extended part of the river valleys between Lucifer's stronghold(s) and Eden City proper became a wasteland much as it remains today.

More or less; this was the Reader's Digest version of the Professor's tale, his warning that of those who try to reach the lost valleys of Lucifer have not fared well, most ended in some form of evil calamite and that he had merely been lucky to have had official Eden Transit Permit(s) to get him through the numerous checkpoints and challenges.

There was no map or at least one that he would freely share with us but, he did make a rough one on the table napkin and slowly slipped it to us as his eyes darted about the room in fear that he would be seen doing this.

The one thing that most strikes me is an underlying sense of fear that the good denizens of Eden live with and how fragile the good life here in Eden truly is.

We bid the professor a good evening and walked back to the refugee center to go to sleep...it has been a rather long, frustrating day. Good night!

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EPHORS OF EPHOD

The morning blistered with an early winter's cold as our new friend, the High Fayyum came over to join us as we stood warming ourselves by the camp's luring fire and I dreaded even the slightest movement away from the warming ambers of what was surly my last vestige of the extreme summer's warmth down in the wasteland.

"The morning blister with an early winter's cold, does it not?" was what she said as we stood by the great bonfire surveying an entire world that seemed deeply laden with a foreboding summer snow storm and its icy mist that robbed even the bravest of courage and spunk on this morning when the whole world blistered with an early arrival of winter's cold.

Slowly the last of the ambers of our wasteland adventures turned black and wasted as the fire's warmth waned and the cold began to seep in forcing me to upturn my woolen collar of the coat that Lucifer's Followers had been so kind to loan me.

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The head tracker announced to us that the High Fayyum will advance down through the mountain passages seeking out the nearby village's Afain Oracle Shaman – who is like a medicine man and healer in our culture and had forecast of prophecy of our arrival in a recent letter to the High Fayyum with their forewarning that we would bring bad omens with the coming of an unusually early winter snow.

Scanning the horizons down into the still distant, green valleys, you could not help but see a massive and modern-looking military's base camp nuzzled up along the overhanging cliffs and the quickly freezing banks of the great river that flows down the mountain and feeds life to what would otherwise be barren desert.

We were told that this camp was but an outpost of their greater military capacity which I cannot state as a true fact or equally dismiss as a mere brag meant to impress us or register fear amongst us that they were more than

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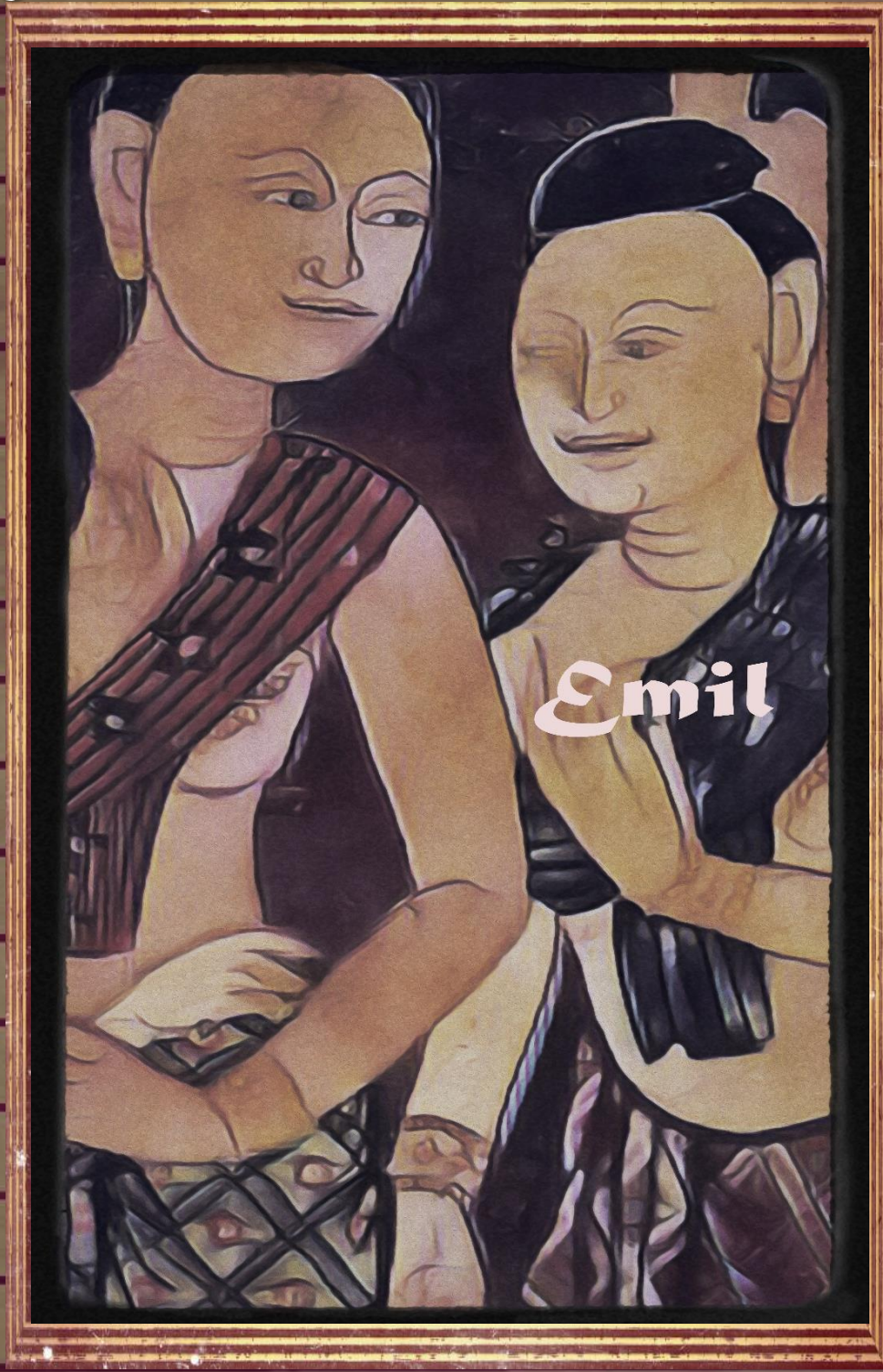
EPHORS OF EPHOD

prepared to address what they constantly considered to be their nation's collective nightmare and that camps like this were a last barrier to stop the ever boding advancement of the Heavenly Horde Raiders and their mercenary militias that even now controlled majority of the distant hilltops and used them to continually sweep down (at almost will) into the surrounding, peaceful farming villages where it sometimes seemed that all hope for salvation and/or even mere rescue was all but lost with the last line of the High Fayyum's feeble defense force spread ever so thin.

The morning blistered with an early winter's cold as we passed out of the village and a Shaman lay crucified in the trampled snow-covered roadside.

Crucified not for the truths that the Shaman had foretold in his letter of dire warning that he had sent to the High Fayyum but more to show the village the High Fayyum's displeasure that the Shaman had been clearly a spy

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and not the profit that he had pretended to be in his letter.

Out of kindness, the High Fayyum had ordered the archers to dispatch him with an iron crossbow arrow to the aged heart of the Shaman before they nailed him to the traditional Jasper Wood Cross that was reserved for those who betrayed the Luciferian Nation for Heavenly Horde Gold.

The morning blistered with an early winter's cold as we advance towards yet another small, farming village and yet another local problem that the High Fayyum would need to address or to inspect the community's volunteer garrison for readiness against the threat of raiders.

The High Fayyum sees clearly, as can we, that all of the natural world is in revolt against their holy cause and Fayyum's army was rag tagged, almost a ghost army of ancient spirits, led every further out into the blistering cold and that she seemed destined to prove the Shaman's

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EPHORS OF EPHOD

predictions of an evil age of darkness was descending down upon them and that she felt almost powerless to stop.

The morning blisters with an early winter's cold and our trek from village to farming community was consuming the unit's continued ability to muster the presence of what their actual might was and with each footstep the bitter cold sapped and decreased their sole, real purpose of sending a message of unity, to impress and reassure the Luciferian Farm Towns that there was still hope even if the high Fayyum no longer believed in it other than as some abstract arguing point.

"This demon weather clearly and boldly conspires to favor our enemies that march now at the head of a great advancing army of the Heavenly Horde Militias through the great wastelands..."

This was a fact that she never conveyed to any of the villagers or even to the village headmen that we visited

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EPHORS OF EPHOD

or passed through as she feared that this might spark the weaker to change sides and mutiny against the Luciferian Republic.

With us we didn't matter as we didn't speak the languages of the valleys and we were "Foreign Devils" who had been prophesized by a now dead Shaman as being the pale horseman who would herald in the end of a million years of self-government and freedom.

"Fear spondee served up on a golden spittoon taken from our once warm homes that we were forced to vacated in the dead of night, all along the frontiers, we now huddle for warmth along these freezing shores and dread what awaits as the morning blisters with an early winter's cold..."

The High Fayyum quietly scans the horizon up from yet another Luciferian garrison - yet another rag tagged military base camp and waves all of us on forward.

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BENIDICTION OF THE DAMNED

Smoldering black smoke arose from every pile of rubble in what had once been the great Luciferian Capital and we ensured that none of made actual eye contact with the patrolling Heavenly Horde Militia as to not be stopped and harassed.

We passed through the wreckage to where we had set up camp and planned our escape from the encircling, victorious armies of Michael and his warrior clan.

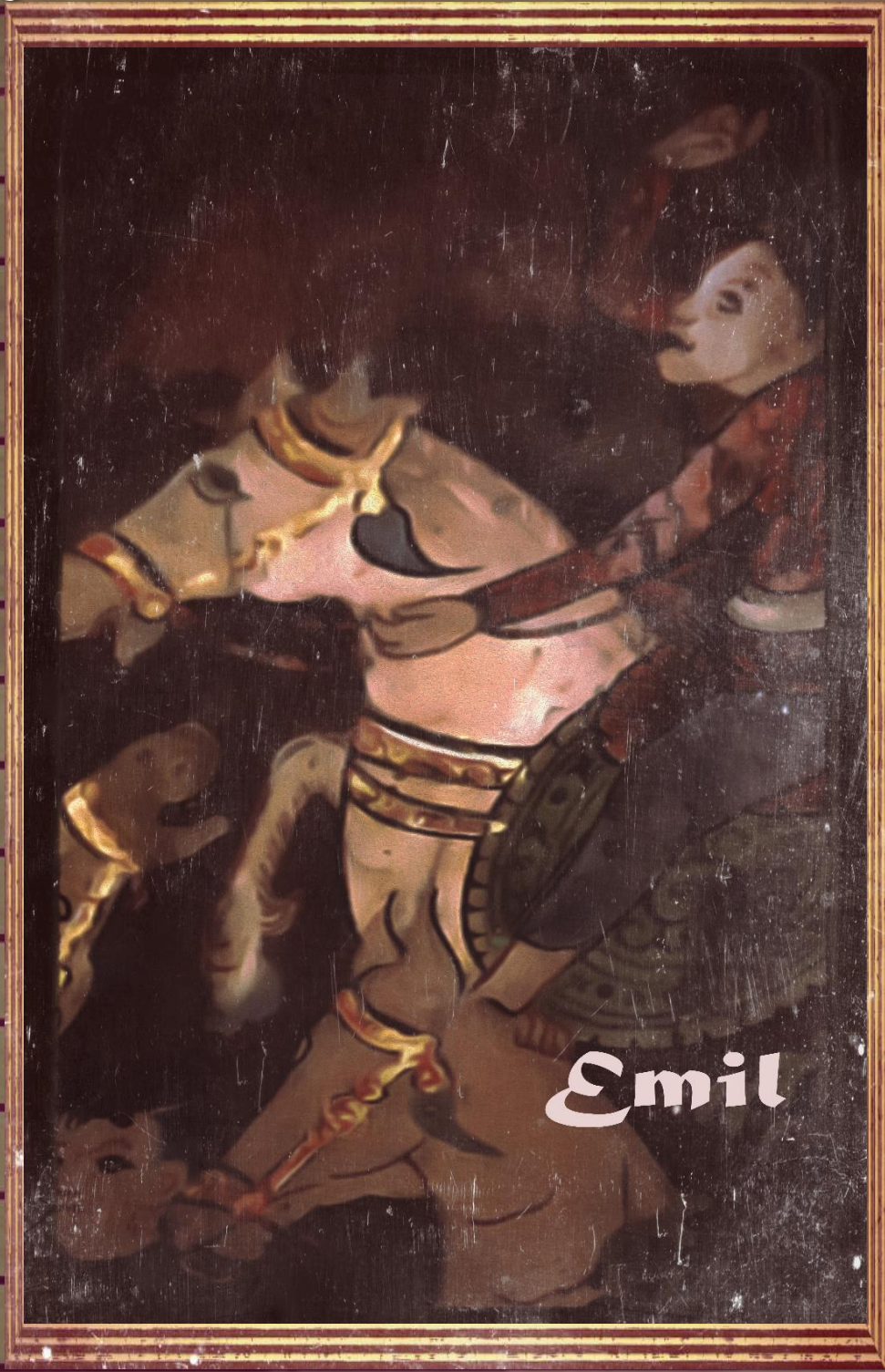
They had won and we had been powerless to change the old Shaman's prophecy of us as the harbingers of the end of nearly a million years of the Luciferian Republic.

We fled with the masses into the capital as the remaining army cadre of the now long dead High Fayyum staged a brave retreat and managed the final stand in their once great capital city.

OH! I failed to tell you that the High Fayyum was dead. In fact, long time dead now!

What is it? Must been nearly four years since she died in the forest ambush arranged by the traitors and Michael's

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Emil

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BENIDITION OF THE DAMNED

Agents who she had so feared.

It was yet another gray day with light snow following as we rode with her second-in-command...maybe several hundred yards back from the High Fayyum and her advance guard.

It was just another day...just more villages to prepare them for the great battle that she knew was coming from out of the wastelands into their peacefully, green farm villages; there was no sign nor warning as to what lied up beyond the bend of the forest's winding path. Without warning, a single iron deadbolt fell the High Fayyum's trusty mount and as the horse fell over, it gave her momentary cover and within what was a second or two; she was on her feet and that is when the sky rained black, thick with iron crossbow bolts and the battle was for all purposes over nearly as quickly as it had started. That's it...no final stand or hand-to-hand, great fight to the bitter end as an iron crossbow bolt left little standing in its wake.

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BENIDICTION OF THE DAMNED

I understood after this as to why crossbow fighters are the first sought out and why they are never shown mercy on the battlefield. A crossbow is a weapon of mass destruction, it is a coward's weapon that only the most heartless would elect to use.

You can see that there is no quarter in my thought as to how they should all be gladly dispatched to God's Judgement with little remorse as we would offer the average foot soldier.

It was a sad end to our long association with the High Fayyum and her group of warriors who had for a generation tried to keep peace in the borderland and keep Michael's mercenary militias at bay there in the high mountain passed.

We grew rather fond of her, we came to see that her form of justice was what was needed there in the frontiers and (most times) like totally agreed with her measured implementation of terror mixed with a bit of humanity like when she had her soldier kill the Shaman

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(at the beginning of this adventure) instead of leaving him to slowly die of decay upon his Jasper Wood Cross. At least, now, I get it! I can see clearly that she was more human than she would ever have admitted to, at least in a public setting.

Her compassion was only matched if not bettered by her fighting skills and her unswerving unwillingness to retreat from the enemy's face even when facing an army with but a handful of loyal troops by her side – which she actually did many more times than I can recall and each time, she walked away victorious due to her brevity. So, it was so unfitting for her to be downed by assassins hidden in a distant tree line. She deserved a more fitting death than Michael's evil thugs offered up to her!

Now, we were stranded in the ruins of the ancient Luciferian Capital with our exit strategies blocked by the massive Heavenly Horde that have encircled the city in the final battle and with Michael's militias roaming the street in such great numbers put us at a great risk of

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BENIDICTION OF THE DAMNED

discovery due to our well-known association with the former High Fayyum.

We had the benefit as that vast majority of Michael's mercenaries had been recruited from humankind and as you know that to all of the more proper Edenittes and especially to most of Michael's Army of Angel Warriors; all humans looked alike and we could many times just blend into the motley crew of dirty humans that milled all about without detection.

What we feared mostly was the growing number of average people turned traitor against their own kind either for the large rewards or to curry future favor in a Heaven-Inspired Administration of the captured lands. All that was needed was but, a single local neighborhood Spiderman seeking fame/fortune and we all would be put up against the closest wall and be dispatched up to God's Judgement and if you are to believe the bolder of Michael's Commanders: "God agrees with us!"

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BENIDITION OF THE DAMNED

You can see our dire sense of urgency to escape this cauldron of pacification and head (I think) south until we again fall into the lands of mankind.

There we can seek open refugee from the revenge of Michael's Warrior Clan due to our human kinship.

We will leave tonight on a supply lorry were San-Tu (the High Fayyum's former second in command and our most trusted remaining associate/traveling companion) had arranged with a greedy wagon master to transport our group and who has been properly convinced that betraying us would be the biggest mistake of his short, miserable lifetime...

"Better to be wealthy than dead...is that not true, my friend?"

We leave at dark...

Light a candle, say a prayer that we make it to the lorry staging point.

I will write more after we are safely in the Lands of humankind.

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"TELL ME.....HOW DO YOU MEND A BROKEN HEART?"

NARRATIVE:

Far away in the hidden valley of Secret Intel...sits an aged, faded guru of the mystical Dinar Guru Wars...sitting upon a once mighty throne now tattered and faded from its original royal blue colour...the once mighty leader who had led a pilgrimage out of the wickedness of the great halls of the league of Iraqi Investors to wonder in the great barren dinar wilderness where Kansas once stood before the great wizard and his company of flying monkeys spirited it way...

The once great, all seeing and guardian of the Holy RIV now sits in an empty upstairs room ransacked and left barren from the earlier raid by those demonic investigators from the Ohio Attorney General's Office that descended down upon our once great guru and spirited away paper bag after paper bag of what they

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"TELL ME.....HOW DO YOU MEND A BROKEN HEART?"

referred to as evidence of practicing the scared art of good Christian financial investing for the many good Christians that befriended this now battered guru of old. Stumbling across the floor and landing with a deep sigh of resignation; the guru scans the cluttered and overturned jumble of what had once been a command center for his endless series of crusades into the surrounding dinar lands with his "inspired by the spirit...an angle that had counseled him and had bestrode upon him the power to tell who had been naughty and who had been nice" super human ability to invoke the name of this spirit and even the great clans of the Walled Street in the Great, in the great towered city would tremble before the legionary crusaders of the

UNTRUTH.

"Tell me.....how do you mend a broken heart?" He mumbled almost unstopped as if lost in some ritual

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"TELL ME.....HOW DO YOU MEND A BROKEN HEART?"

chant to invoke the power of the Spirit to return to him and make all well again...as if that the repeating of this phrase could reverse the downfall...

The once great guru sits quietly and ponders why oh why he would ever proclaim on that faithful day that "...Words when spoken exist in the universe forever. Words when written will be accounted for..."

Never did he dream that very phrase would lead to his downfall. He sadly pondered what had ever possessed him to speak those words...was it anger...was it a threat to those demonic hounds of truth that now followed him wherever he ventured out from the

Hidden Valley?

His mind kaleidoscopes with images of this final nine (all royal to the end) followers who had stayed as all the others left the Family...one by one...then in whole groups they deserted him in his very time of torment by the merchants of truth; who used his very words to

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document the aspersion, backbiting, calumny, calumny, complete distortion of the facts, corker, deceit, deception, defamation, detraction, dishonesty, disinformation, distortion, evasion, fable, fabrication, falsehood, falseness, falsification, falsity, fib, fiction, fish story, forgery, fraudulence, guile, hyperbole, inaccuracy, invention, libel, mendacity, misrepresentation, misstatement, myth, obloquy, perjury, prevarication, revilement, reviling, slander, subterfuge, tale, tall story*, terminological inexactitude, vilification, white lie*, whopper and liberties that he had taken in the name of making the faithful happy for at least a while...in his visionary concept that he profess as his mission directly from the Spirit; himself.

"If only..." he didn't finish...he knew that his pride...his famous anger...his quickness to add names to the self-authored Book of Life...; this had cascaded him into the fiery pit of revenge and only drew more attention and gave more power to the Clan of Myth busters.

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He most regretted how he had let the persuasions of Satan so easily gain hold of his soul and as all of the earthly rewards that now came to him so easy by means of love donations, gift certificates and more importantly the endless chants from the faithful to praise their new guru drew him into further creations, distortions and the twist of the truth to gain yet another day of his new Jimmy Baker lifestyle.

Those were the days of heady excitement and carnival with the lovely Sister Trisha standing always by his side; always true and standing tall with her guru daddy...

He paused as that imaged burned into his brain and a salty tear flowed from the corner of his eye as he now sat alone and realized that these days had disappeared with his fall. How this could be...Sister Trisha had been the rock...the motivation...?

His mind flashes forward and the pain of the betrayal still hurt the deepest...back to the day:

Brother CASH and the Lovely Sister Trisha go to his

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Lovely, Blue Sectional Sofa and find him in crisis, disconnected from reality.

He shouts folksy platitudes at the top of his lungs while a flunky (Rudy) works an applause machine—D. "Little" Franker's own invention—to replace the cheers, applause, and laughter of the audience that has abandoned him.

The Lovely Sister Trisha admits it was she who betrayed him, and Brother CASH tells "Little" Franker that GURU life as he knew it is over. "Little" Franker threatens to put bad marks next to his name in Brother Cash's Book of Life and turns teary eyed and pleads with the Lovely Sister Trisha to come back, but the spell is broken as she and Brother Cash drive off into the city, the sound of (Lonesome Rhodes') "Little" Franker's cries floating into the night sky.

Then...the next day... those demonic investigators from the Ohio Attorney General's Office descended down upon him and had stripped him of everything but the

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now tattered, lovely blue sectional sofa.

Gone were even the faithful nine who each had three times denied him to the AG Investigators, gone was the warehouse of dinar novelty items that had once generated so much revenue from the Dinar RIV Watch Party Guide & Gift Catalog.

Long gone was the power and guidance of the Spirit who departed as he gave in to the Jimmy Baker Lifestyle offered up by Satan's gifts of fame and prestige...the great rush of power that had so possessed him in those final days of his guruship...

"Tell me.....how do you mend a broken heart?"

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I'm just the corporate sharecropper, the poor artist at the wrong end of the money stick!

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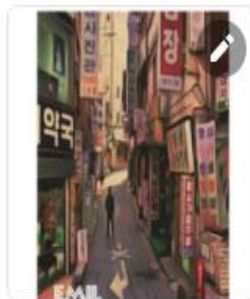
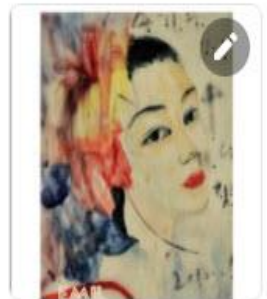
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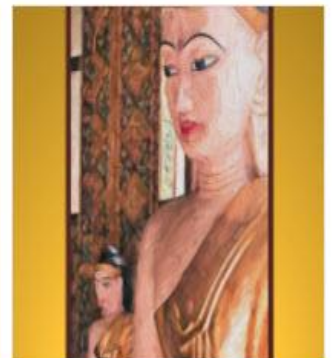
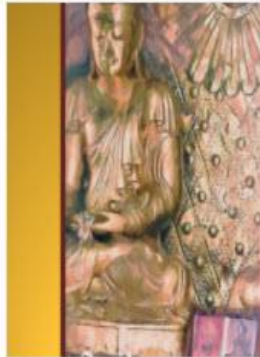
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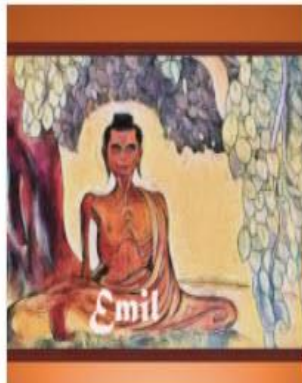
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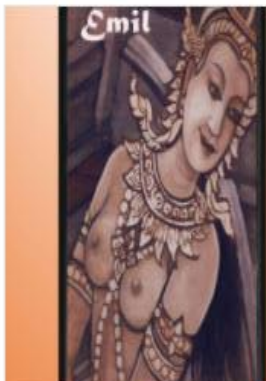
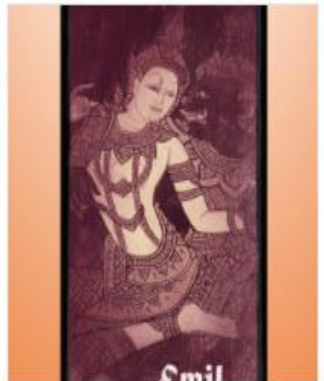
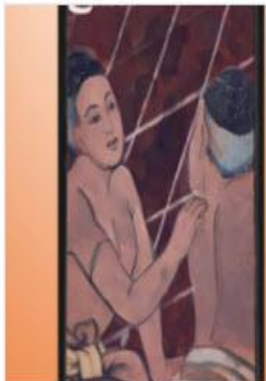
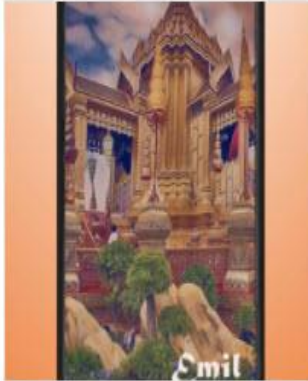
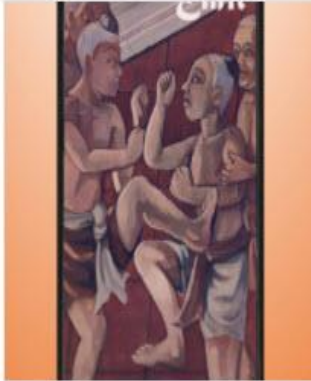
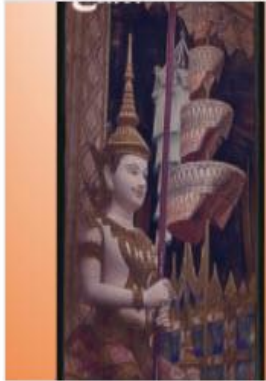
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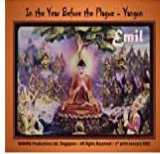
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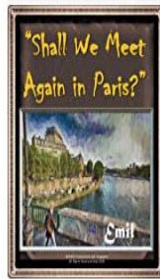
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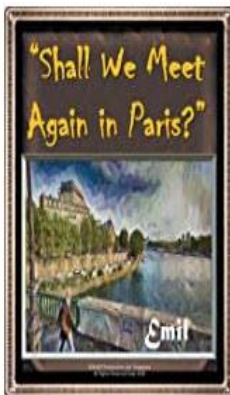
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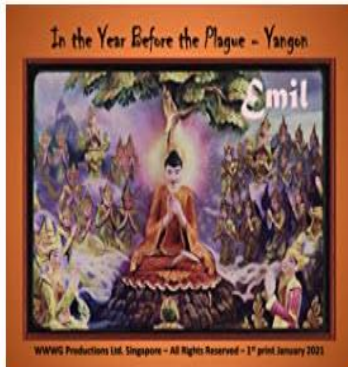
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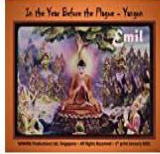
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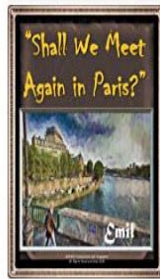
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